

THE CRITIC.

BY GEOFFREY JUVENAL, ESQ.

No. XIV.

SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1820.

—Quis tam fautor inepté est
Ut non hoc fateatur. HOR.

I HAVE received a most furious letter from one of the fair sex; which I insert entire.—If any of my readers should think my lucubrations of this morning, confused and silly, I desire them to pardon me, in consideration of the violent agitation into which such an epistle must have thrown a nervous old gentleman, like myself.

TO MR. JUVENAL.

SIR,

You had no business to attack us poor ladies so violently in your last paper, just for nothing but a little innocent tattle about our neighbours.—I wonder what such a shabby, scribbling old fellow as you are, has to do at tea parties;—you can't be of any use at such places, except

to frighten your youthful brethren into immediate matrimony, by showing them what a miserable *fud* of a thing a genuine old bachelor is. If you *will* thrust your ragged person into fashionable assemblies, you might at least find some better employment than prowling about, listening to our conversation, just to rail at us in the next Critic. I am sure the beaux talk a thousand times more absurdly than we;—and yet you don't say any thing about them. Absurd as they are, they are much more sufferable than you, for they have at least sense enough to lace themselves into something resembling a graceful figure, and don't go straddling along, looking for all the world, like the letter y turned wrong end downwards. I observed you the other night, gaping about, with your rusty locks standing nine ways for a Sunday, among the well-proportioned Pillars of the Beau-monde, like a hickory broom in the portico of the Temple of Minerva, or a baboon on the isolated stool of a fashionable lecturer on electricity. You say that you have not been at a tea party for twenty years, and I do suppose it will be as many more, before you presume to show your face at one again, after the scandalous outrage you have been guilty of. So—as I may not see you for an age, I determined to write and convince you of the enormity of your shocking behaviour. If you want to get into favour again, you must instantly set to work

and reform the gentlemen; for their conversation is becoming quite intolerable. They bore us to death with the primary and secondary formations, and what they call the *Genera plantarum*—and the various processes of the bones—and chemical affinities;—in fine, the natural sciences in all their ramifications,—besides occasional discussions upon legal, political and economical topics,—and eternal harangues upon the merits of different Professors. Almost every beau has some peculiar branch of learning, on which he delights to dwell, without considering that ladies have always hitherto been exempted from the obligation of listening for more than five minutes at a time, to any nonsense but their own. I saw a botanical gentleman coming up to me the other night, at Mrs. —, and, as I felt no particular desire to have his paws thrust into my bouquet, for the purposes of scientific investigation, I determined not to give him a chance for bringing up his favourite subject; so, as soon as he was within hearing, I screamed out, “Mr. —, how did you like the “party last night?” “Madam,” replied he, “it was as pleasant as a *monandria, polygynia* party can ever be, one gentleman to “twenty ladies was rather an over match.” I never was so confused in my life, for I understood not a letter of his barbarous words; and did not know but the creature might mean to be impudent. I saved myself from blushing

this time, by bursting into a loud laugh, and giving a sudden turn to the conversation; but it is horrible to be subject to such attacks in every company. Now do, my dear Juvy, be a good old soul, and make these odious fellows behave themselves better. If you do the thing handsomely, perhaps you may venture to appear again, next winter, without the fear of being frowned into annihilation, by

Yours, as you may deserve,

BEATRICE CORAL.

If this lady's conversation may be judged of, from her epistolary style, she must be quite an irresistible *vivâ vocé* scold. Therefore I think it more prudent to be in her good graces, if possible; and shall instantly apply myself to the making of the stipulated reparation for my late offence, by noticing the abuse of which she complains so bitterly. In the mean time, I beg that she will moderate her wrath, in the case of the botanical gentleman; for I protest to the fair damsel, that her modological monosyllable, *fud*, has thrown my learned brain into quite as much confusion, as she could have experienced from the ill-timed use of scientific terms by her admirer.

I can assure my lovely correspondent, however, that she is quite mistaken in supposing that I was not struck with the manifold breaches of civility, which the beaux committed the other night. The evil however did

not appear to be quite so general as Miss Beatrice imagines. I thought it was confined to comparatively a few of the young men; although, to be sure, it seemed to rage among them with great violence. I had made copious notes of the occurrences of that evening, and had already begun to arrange my ideas for a learned treatise upon the subject of Lalematology, when her letter came into my hands. I intended to have devoted a great deal of time and reflection to this matter; being aware that a large proportion of the gentlemen of the present day would never profit by my labours, because they would never pay any attention to them, unless the subject should be scientifically treated, and some how or other twisted so as to end in *ology*; on which account I compounded the respectable term, a little above mentioned. The fear of Miss Coral's displeasure forces me to publish immediately something which may show how willing I am to comply with her demands. Indeed, upon farther consideration, I do not think it would be possible to condense a full view of the subject in any reasonable number of papers. I shall therefore content myself at present, with giving the public a skeleton of my plan, which I shall fully develop in a course of lectures, as soon as it shall be practicable to obtain a class of twenty gentlemen. The tickets will be at the reasonable price of ten dollars; ladies to be admitted *gratis*.

SYLLABUS
OF
A COURSE OF LECTURES
ON
LALEMATOLOGY;

BY
GEOFFREY JUVENAL, ESQ.
PROFESSOR, &c.

PART I.

Of the Nature and History of the Science.

1. Definition of Lalematology; its first rise and progress during infancy.
2. History of Lalematology among the ancients; gradual progress of the Science. Herein of the various philosophical sects at Athens, and of the Roman *conversazioni*.
3. Of the state of conversation, as exhibited in the ancient writers.—Copious remarks upon Menander, Aristophanes, Plautus, and Terence.—Critique on Lucian; considered first as a man (and herein a discussion upon Atheism) and then as a delineator of the manners of the times.

4. Of the Lalematological state of the middle ages;—Review of the more dramatic portions of *Ivanhoe*.

5. Of the rise and progress of Expletives—Consideration of Mr. Sheridan's maxim, that "d—ns have had their day."—Other fashionable Expletives—Reflections on their use in conversation.

PART II.

Of the present state of the Science.

1. Of the most distinguished Talkers in other countries.

2. Of our national Lalematology, in a philosophical point of view.

3. Of the various professors of the science, considered figuratively; as,

1. The *Caterpillars*, who adhere pertinaciously to the vegetable productions of nature, and are never so delighted as when nosing among the *anthera* of an exotic, or prying into the secrets of one of the CRYPTOGAMIA.

2. The *Maggots*, whose elysium lies in the præcordia of a fresh dead subject, or the decayed members of a rotten living one.

3. The *Young Barrister's Docquets*; wholly occupied with a few cases before Aldermen, or the record of an indictment for petty larceny.

4. The *Hydrants*; the muddy stream of whose conversation flows without ceasing,

through the leaden conduits of their brains, out of a brazen spout.

5. The *Theatrical Apothecaries' stores*; from which you can get nothing but an over-dose of obsolete, waste-paper comedies, or "a beggarly account of empty boxes."

6. The *imprisoned Frogs*, who are shut up in a mineralogical specimen, and, let them start in what direction they will—never fail to run foul of a stone before they have skipped the length of their own noses.

7. The *Snakes*, who shew their affection by *turning tail* on their friends, and can injure their enemies, only by benumbing them with their restless and venomous tongues, &c. &c. &c.

4. Of Female Lalematology.

N. B. Gentlemen can be furnished with Tickets at the store of Thomas Dobson & Son, South Second Street.

A. R.